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## AT NICE.

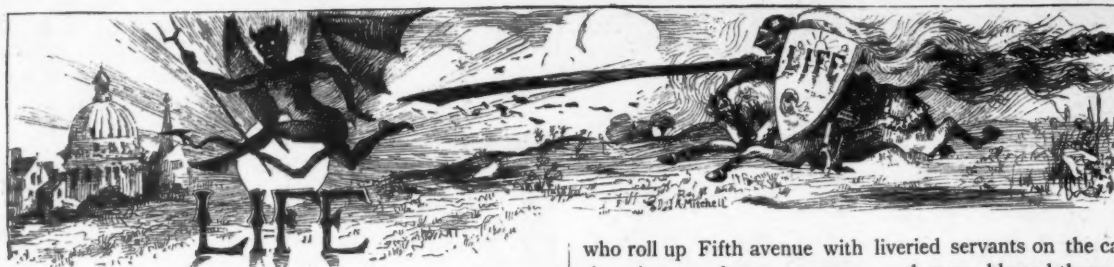
*She:* SHE IS FASCINATING AND A PERFECT BEAUTY. EVERYBODY IS CARRIED AWAY WITH HER.  
*Mais ça va sans dire.*

*He:* BUT SHE MUST BE STUPID ON THE STREET.

*She:* ON THE STREET?

*He (who understands French, you know):* WHY, YES, IF SHE WALKS WITHOUT TALKING.





VOL. VI. DECEMBER 24TH, 1885. NO. 156.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 50 cents per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV. and V. at regular rates.

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**D**URING the past week the American mind has been occupied to an unusual extent in vicarious financiering. The golden touch of Mr. Vanderbilt's dead hand has made Sellers of us all. We have thought and spoken in millions, and have reminded and speculated an immense deal about what those rows of figures, eight or nine abreast, really meant. A number of statisticians, notably one employed by the estimable New York Times, have tried to aid the tired imagination by putting great sums in suppositious fence-rails, or silver dollars, or like expansive commodities, and computing how many times they would reach to the moon and back if they were put down end to end in a row. Chicago editors have invested Mr. Vanderbilt's whole fortune in imaginary pigs, and packed them into phantom cars hauled by ghostly engines, thus attaining such an incarnation of wealth as to suit it to the Western mind. The Boston papers have expressed themselves by the help of Bunker Hill Monuments, made of precious metals and encrusted with gems. No reasonable labor has been spared to bring it home to the people that the greatest fortune upon earth has changed hands.

**I**T is doubtful if it has occurred to any one to envy the Vanderbilts, or to covet their great possessions. It were as practical to envy the man in the moon his reflected glitter, or grudge Saturn his multiplicity of rings. They are too far away for envy. We may envy the man who has credit with his coal dealer on chilly days when we are out of fuel, but who will pretend to compete with the sun, moon and stars, or the Vanderbilts.

If the spectacle of the partition of this great fortune has had any moral effect on us whose conditions are commonplace, it has been to draw us closer together. The contemplation of millions by the hundred makes mere single or double millions seem insignificant. Put Mt. Washington, or even the Washington monument down on the corner of Wall street, and Trinity Church steeple will dwindle. So has ordinary wealth dwindled this last week. Our friends

who roll up Fifth avenue with liveried servants on the carriage box, no longer seem so much more blessed than we who go afoot. Even Mr. Gould, with his fifty millions of swag—eight figures will do to represent him. He and the Duke of Westminster are prosperous men, but they are not in the nine-holes yet.

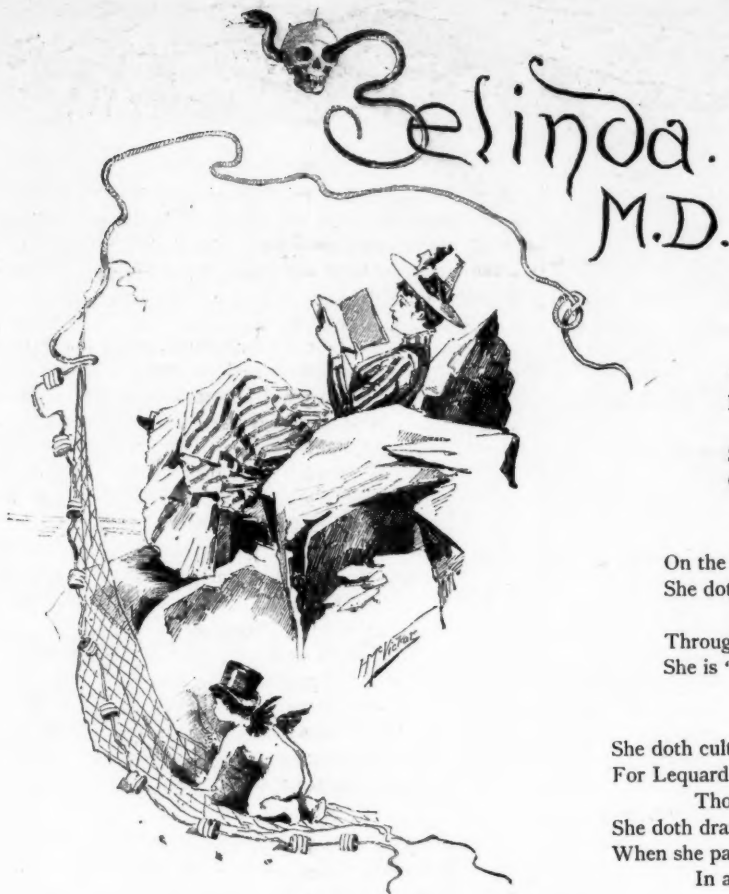
**A**S for poor, plain, common millionaires, let us hope that if they were ever used to plume themselves with feathers of finance, they will consent now to come down and be plucked. Who are they that they should sputter and exclaim when their daughters marry coachmen, or their executors get away with their paltry funds? The Vanderbilts are rich, but it is still left for us to be good and handsome and happy. Let us try.

And in particular let us try to be happy. That will go as far as anything toward mitigating any incurable defects in our beauty, and will help us to maintain that spirit of peace and good will to men which, befitting all seasons and this one in particular, will help to make us good. The potentiality of virtue to produce happiness has passed into a proverb, which is neither more nor less true than its converse. You may be ever so virtuous and yet have a liver that makes you miserable, and you may be happy and still be disreputable, but in the latter case there is very little excuse for you.

**O**NE reason why more people are not happy is that they do not clearly recognize what they enjoy. They sacrifice themselves often to custom or fashion; they go to Delmonico balls, when in their souls they prefer the theatre and their beds; they go to the theatre, when at heart they like better to stay at home and read. There are some unfortunates who are only fit to work, and are unhappy when they try to play at all. It is a mistake for the dancing people to bore themselves at the theatre; a mistake for the play-going people to lose their sleep at balls. *Chacun à son goût.* If LIFE does n't suit you, take the *Undertakers' Gazette*. Even you who love nothing but work, be happy in your own way. Work! The next generation will play, and it is an open question if they have as much fun as you do. Happiness has been defined as wanting something and making progress in getting it. To have is very well, but to gain seems to be better fun. It may reasonably be doubted whether any of Mr. Vanderbilt's heirs will have as much satisfaction in the enjoyment of his fortune as the late Commodore had in putting the nucleus of it together.

It is a queer world and full of contradictory conditions. Get all of it you can, but do n't let it get you. You are worth more to yourself than the world is worth to you.

A merry Christmas to you!



BELINDA is fifteen,  
Hath hair of golden sheen,  
And her eyes  
Are the regulation blue,  
Such as we're accustomed to  
Idolize.

She hath a winning grace,  
Complement of such a face  
Of fifteen;  
And this dainty little body  
Is determined that she'll study  
Medicine.

Was ever thought so crazy  
Entertained by such a daisy  
Of the field?  
Surely not; but still the notion  
Of professional devotion  
Will not yield.

On the beach at Narragansett  
She doth scan the London *Lancet*,  
And I ween  
Through her reading comprehensive  
She is "up" on that expensive  
Cocaine.

She doth cultivate affection  
For Lequard and vivisection;  
Though as yet  
She doth draw her skirt around her  
When she passeth by a flounder  
In a net.

And I wish you could behold her  
In the lee of some big boulder  
At her ease,  
In profound preoccupation,  
Getting points on circulation,  
If you please.

Ah, this winsome little gold-head!  
When the wingéd years have folded  
On the scene  
Of this fancy, will the thronging  
Of her lovers set her longing  
For fifteen?

If, at length, she must confess  
To a cardiac distress  
Which an elf  
With a bended bow hath brought her,  
Can she then, tho' Galen taught her,  
Cure herself?

Mark Mallow.





#### THE MUGWUMP WAIL.

THE man who worked the hardest,  
In damming perspiration  
In last July and August  
Now seeks his inspiration,  
Down in the cellar where the coal  
Is daily growing shorter,  
And d—ns his furnace coz it do n't  
Burn brightly as it oughter.

Says he: "These beastly Democrats  
Who run the weather beaury  
Do n't care a snap, now that they're in,  
And pile it on like fury.  
For full three months they made the sun  
So hot I'd fairly sizz,  
And now, begosh, for want of heat,  
The duffers let me frizz."

To Cleveland and his Ministers we send for mental fuel  
The old-time saying and remark: "Consistency's a juel."

\* \* \*

A LONDON correspondent states that the Soudan news  
is threatening.

That's about all it ever amounted to anyhow, as far as  
England was concerned.

\* \* \*

MRS. SPRIGGINS is of the opinion that men should not  
overwork themselves, but should take a month's vocation  
at least every year.

\* \* \*

THOSE who thoroughly understand the Roumelian  
difficulty say that a rising in the Yeast may be expected  
at any moment.

\* \* \*

HUNTING The-baw is still popular among Englishmen.

\* \* \*

KING MILAN is said to be anxious to dispose of a  
slightly damaged war at ten cents on the dollar.

\* \* \*

AN extraordinary accident occurred in Yonkers last  
week.

A young gentleman just in fun pointed and snapped an  
unloaded revolver at his *fiancée*, and the weapon did not go  
off.

This is the first time this has occurred since the war.

A SYNDICATE of missing heirs has been formed to re-  
claim Harlem. The only hitch in the proceedings is  
in collecting enough money for this missionary purpose.

The membership of ten thousand has been unable, so far,  
to gather more than seven dollars, three suspender buttons  
and a lead nickel. At this rate, when Harlem is finally re-  
claimed the dividend to each heir will be about three-eighths  
of an inch.

\* \* \*

THEY are having considerable trouble in Kansas about  
the whiskey injunction.

The whiskey injunction in this State seems to consist in  
the expression, "A little less water, please."

\* \* \*

HYDROPHOBIA has broken out again with increased  
virulence in Texas.

But then Texas always did manifest considerable timidity  
on the water question.

\* \* \*

THE President and his Ministers went, the other day, to  
be photographed in a group.

The cards were doubtless cabinet size.

\* \* \*

A MICHIGAN man has sued the government for libel  
for sending him into the Senate as a "Fourth Class  
Postmaster."

He says he's a first-class P. M. or nothing, and he wants  
the Administration to take notice.

\* \* \*

MR. COX is said to be anxious for a recall.  
Do n't those chestnuts go down with Abdul Azaint?

\* \* \*

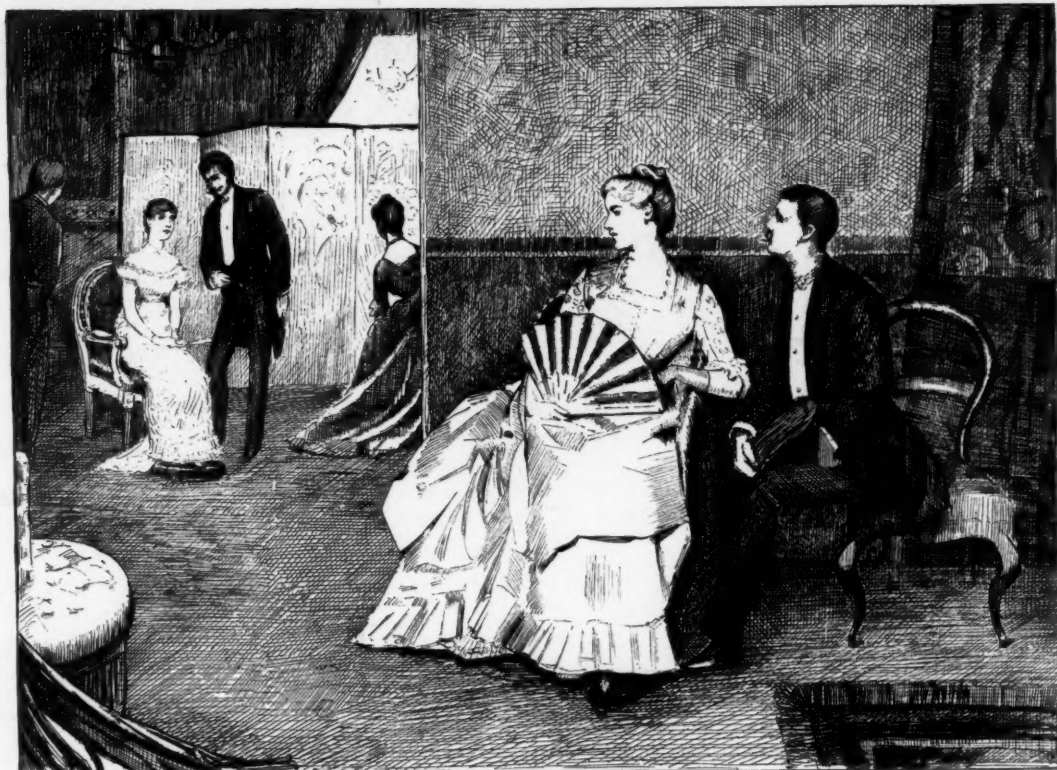
THE ablest article we have seen in the *Tribune* for some  
years relates to New York's great fire of fifty years  
ago.

We congratulate the *Tribune* not only upon the superb  
advertisement of the *Tribune* building contained therein,  
but also upon the contemporaneosity, as it were, of the  
article.

The *Tribune* is gradually catching up to the times.

\* \* \*

THE maddest man around Washington to-day is he who  
attended the dead-letter sale and bought in his own  
application to the President for a Consulship.



TALKS ON ART.

*He:* HOW LOVELY MISS DELANCY LOOKS; SHE REMINDS ME OF AN OLD PICTURE.

*Rival Beauty:* YES, A VERY OLD PICTURE, AND RESTORED.

THE CYPRIOTE BROTHERS.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

A REMARKABLE document has been sent us from London, which we hasten to lay before our readers. It consists of a sheet of paper, on one side of which are printed in deadly parallel columns "Notes Biographical Concerning Luigi and Alessandro Palma di Cesnola," while on the other side is a letter from Alessandro di Cesnola, explaining, in a rather foggy manner to be sure, the why and the wherefore of this extraordinary publication.

We offer our readers a translation of this letter, which we have made as literal as we could by a free use of the Dictionary and our Ollendorff. We flatter ourselves that we have succeeded in giving, in our own way, the exact sense of Alessandro's letter. But we doubt if even the most intelligent reader could discover in the letter itself the reason for its publication.

We may explain, therefore, that as set forth in these biographical notes, Luigi and Alessandro di Cesnola have led lives so startlingly similar that it has become difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the acts of one brother from

those of the other. For a while this was found very convenient by Luigi since, whenever any particularly disagreeable charge was brought home to him, or he saw himself in danger of being effectually treed, he was able to turn on his pursuers and point to the unhappy Alessandro with a "He done it! 'T wa'n't me!"

Alessandro, like a good brother, had no objection to this trickery, so long as it did not interfere with his business as a rival dealer in antiquities. But, of late, he has found it so unprofitable as well as mortifying to be continually mistaken for his more enterprising and successful brother, that he has had recourse to the publication of this letter.

The object of it is to show to the business world that what he calls "the lamentable error" of attributing to him the acts of his brother, Luigi, has its origin solely in the remarkable resemblance between their lives. It is only in the results of the two careers, as seen from a business point of view, that the resemblance is dispiriting. Alessandro's shop in London has been less prosperous, it would appear, than our Luigi's "Metropolitan Bizarre," and the London brother finds the cause of his failure in the uncomfortable habit people have fallen into of crediting him with all the tricks and



SAY, SIS, WHAT ARE YOU ALL DRESSED UP FOR?  
I'M GOING TO BE BAPTIZED TO-DAY.  
ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ETHER?

devices that are now inextricably associated with the name of Cesnola.

Hence this tearful letter, which, out of a deep sympathy with the London Dromio, we hasten to print; not, however, without a secret misgiving that the lamentable error the world is all the time guilty of, in putting the saddle on the wrong horse, will not be easily corrected. But, we do what we can:

#### THE LETTER.

TORINO, October prime, 1885.  
92 CORSO VITTORIO EMANUELE. }

HONORABLE SIR—The life military which I enterprised in my youth, the voyages I made to the outside, the studies of archæology to which I am with great love applied, and the publications I have made having much reason of analogy and of resemblance with the life, the voyages, the studies and the publications of my brother Luigi actually director of the Museum Metropolitan at New York, give, among not a few of the my own acquaintances, occasion for equivocations of which me grieves myself, since it attributes itself often, to me, that which relates to my brother, and the more by so much as can be able to be reason of honoration for him.

Whence, to evitate the repetition of such equivocations, and to impede that not renews itself the inconvenience of not giving to each one his own, I have thought to collect in chief heads and without commentings, the history of our existences, and to re-assume it in a table comparative, since thus will turn out better explained the great analogies and verified the lamentable errors!

I permit myself to send to your most honorablest Sirship a copy of such a re-assuming, back-sided to the present folio, in order that She, your honorable Sirship, may be able as much as there may be occasion, to make of it a note.

Receive the expressions of my obsequiousness.

From your most honorablest.

Sirship's.

Most devotedest servitor (signed).

ALESSANDRO PALMA DI CESNOLA.

A LARGE EGG-PLANT—A chicken farm.

#### TO AN UNKNOWN LADY'S BOOT.

SEEN IN A HORSE-CAR.

YOU dainty boot, of finest kid  
Just peeping forth—half lost, amid  
Her rustling skirts of silken sheen,  
That settle round and intervene,  
Like curtains round some shrine forbid.

I watch your head's high pyramid,  
Creep out from its light fringed lid;  
And wonder if she knows I've seen  
You, dainty boot.

Ah yes! I think she knows I did  
And that is why she slyly slid  
You, from beneath your silken screen—  
She knows you're lovely, sweet, I ween—  
But no!—she frowns!—and now you're hid,  
You dainty boot.

W. Tonnellè.

#### WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WEIGH,

“WHAT is the expressage on imponderables?” asked Blummer of the agent, who was posting a label on a box.

“On imponderables, sir? What's imponderables?” said the agent, looking up.

“Well, something that can't be weighed.”

“We can weigh anything on them scales.”

“No, you can't. I want to express an opinion,” and he softly glided out.

H. Van Santvoord.



#### A GILT-EDGED NOVEL.

FROM the Songs of Solomon to the Diary of Queen Victoria there have been written many books by royal and noble authors. It is, therefore, not surprising that the American nobility, the millionaires, are trying their hands at literature. Everybody knows the genial and kindly articles which Cyrus W. Field writes about George Jones; the tender editorials which appear in the *Tribune* by D. O. Mills's clerk; the sensational articles by the editor of the *North American Review*; the week-day sermons which Mr. Bennett cables from the uttermost parts of the earth; the thrilling bear stories narrated by Mr. Roosevelt, and the ballads of John Hay. All of which proves that the poet knew what he was talking about when he wrote:

“Ah! passion can burn 'mid a palace's splendor,  
The cage does not alter the song of the bird.”

\* \* \*

AND now we have a genuine, gilt-edged novel from William Waldorf Astor, the late minister to Italy, and one-time hilarious candidate for Congressman in this city.



"Valentino" (Scribners) has received a great amount of what is known in the vernacular as "preliminary puffing." Our leading newspapers have been favored with advance sheets, from which thrilling extracts have been published, with connecting links of more or less indiscriminate praise. Many novels of equal merit have to wait a month for a perfunctory notice of forty lines. Mr. Astor's story was, therefore, acutely treated by our discerning journalists as "news," and not as "literature." It has been classed on the same level with the latest Bowery murder, or Boston scandal.

It deserves a better fate.

WITH judgment unbiased by the social eminence or money-bags of the author, it can still be frankly and honestly recorded that here is a sincere, painstaking, and altogether intelligent piece of literary work. There is no genius or imagination exhibited. But there are shown a careful and discriminating use of the rich historical materia in the age of the Borgias, a finely wrought background of the manners, customs, and household details of those days, some skill in construction, with several dramatic climaxes, and true insight into the motives which control the characters drawn.

The chief fault of the story is a certain obscurity and complexity arising from the great number of actors in the drama and the introduction of episodes and pages of stilted dialogue not vital to the plot or picture.

The phraseology, too, is bewildering to the general reader, containing scores of strange foreign names which are not clearly associated in the imagination with an object.

A VERY disagreeable era has been pictured with realism and yet with delicacy. The wickedness of it has not been concealed, but is made neither enticing nor repulsive. There is not a loveable character in the book—nothing to arouse the reader's sympathy. Mr. Astor's own words are

the truest characterization of his volume: "We marvel at the ghastly visions which remain of that sombre period; it is difficult for us to comprehend such men and such times."

*Droch.*

# BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Works of William Shakespeare.* From the text of the Rev. Alexander Dyce's Fourth Edition, and an arrangement of his Glossary in each volume, with a Life of the Poet and an Account of Each Play. By A. R. MacFarlane. In seven volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

*High Lights.* An anonymous novel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*Lincoln and Stanton.* A study of the War Administration, with special consideration of some recent statements of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, by Wm. D. Kelley, M. C. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Oblivion.* An episode. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

*Romer, King of Norway.* And other Dramas. By Adair Welcker. Sacramento: Lewis & Johnston.

*English Home Life.* By Robert Laird Collier. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

*St. Nicholas.* An illustrated magazine for young folks, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Parts I. and II., Vol. XII. New York: The Century Co.

*The Century.* Illustrated monthly magazine, Vol. XXX. New York: The Century Co.

*Conspiracy.* A Cuban Romance, by Adam Badeau. New York, R. Worthington.

*Dosia.* By Madame Henry Greville. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

*Immortality Inherent in Nature.* By Warren Sumner Barlow, New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

BASE and foot-ball have given way to the Patriarch and Rose Ball. The snow-ball likewise will shortly begin, and will occupy the public's attention for a short period.

SITTING BULL has made so much money from his lectures that he has petitioned Congress to change his name to Hi, the Rich Indian.

"A STERN chase is a long one," is applied at Newport to the stern realities of an anise-seed fox hunt.

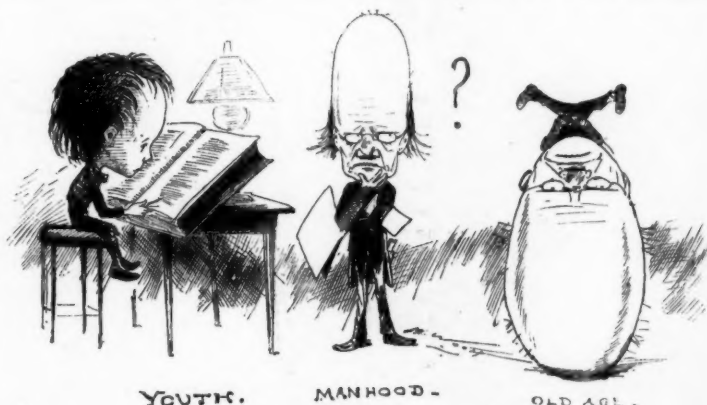
## HOME ITEMS.

A LITERARY club is preparing to celebrate the early termination of the "Bostonians" in the *Century*.

THE President's message should have suggested a fixed limit for the retracy of spring chickens on a pension.

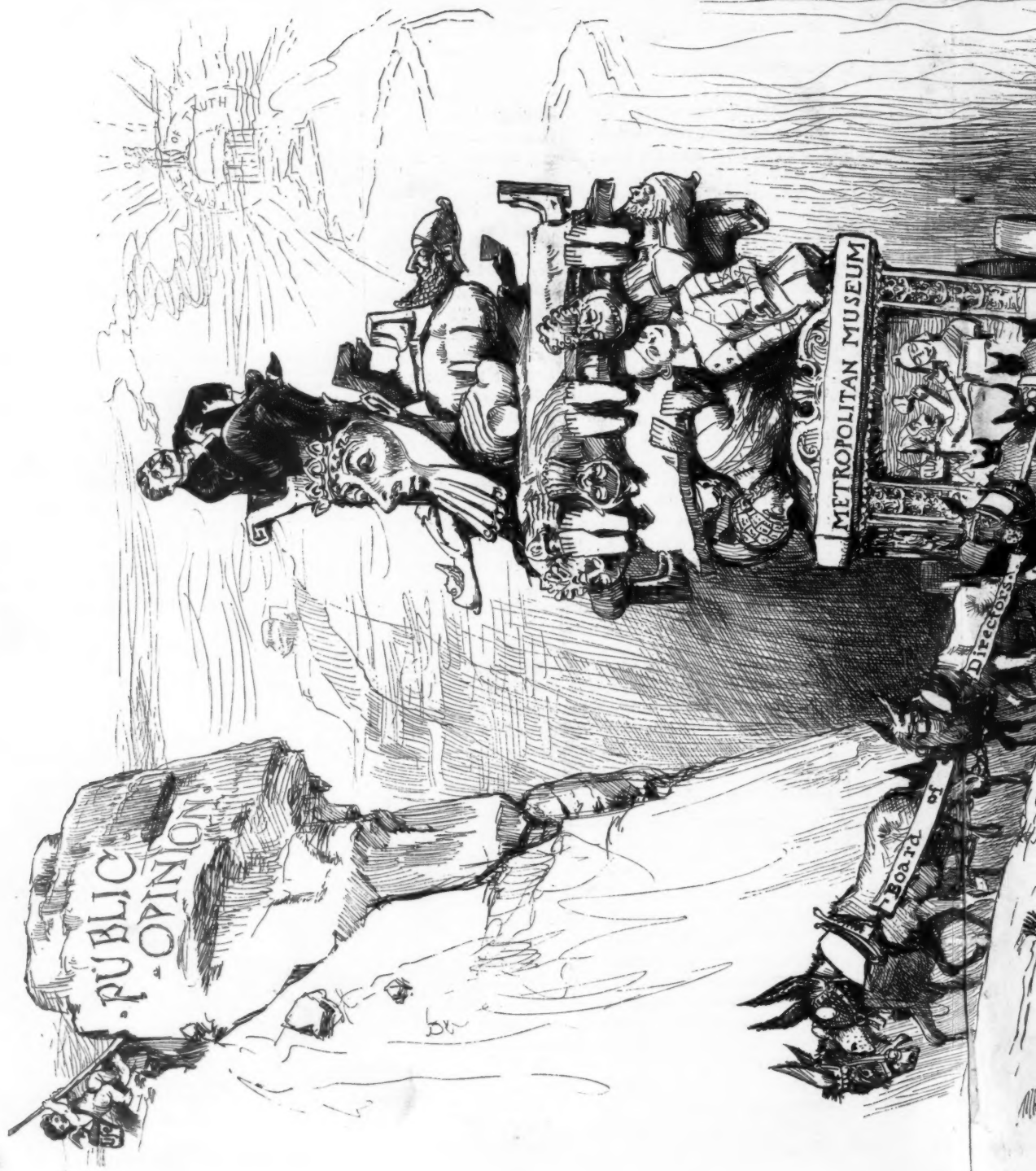
OUR festive population is bound to suppress somebody's vote. For a while we used to suppress the witch and Quaker vote in New England; then the negro vote in the South; then the Mexican vote along the Rio Grande; but now everybody votes except Indians, Chinese, women and statues.

SOLO by Logan: "Thou art so near and yet so far!"



THE OVERBALANCED BRAIN.

• LIFE •







### AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL TRIUMPH.

*Cesnola:* I AM ALL RIGHT AS LONG AS THE TEAM IS WILLING, AND THEY CAN'T KICK.



*Mamma (with much show of indignation):* I HAVE CALLED YOU THREE TIMES. I AM VERY MUCH ANNOYED.

*Charlie (who is fond of Bible stories):* WELL! THE LORD CALLED SAMUEL THREE TIMES AND HE DID N'T GET MAD ABOUT IT, DID HE?

THE nation's repudiation of Logan as an applicant for the Vice-Presidency ought to be a powerful argument for making him a possible President.

QUERY: Does Mr. Cable refer to the Southern women in his "Silent South?"

IT is easier for a needle to go through the eye of a camel than it is for a poor man to sparkle and glitter in a fashionable church.  
J. A. Macon.

#### HER EYES.

HER eyes are like unfathomable lakes  
When brightly o'er them morning radiance breaks;  
And yet the mariner had best beware,  
For many valiant hearts lie shipwrecked there!

Clinton Scollard.



THE following query, which, in its verdant Arcadian simplicity, shines brightly through the darkness of that *blasé* indifference in vogue to-day, has just reached me by mail. "I went to see Lotta in 'Nitouche' last night," it runs, "and enjoyed it immensely. I witnessed the same play with Judic in the title rôle some months ago, and do n't think she was nearly as good as Lotta. All my friends say I am an ass. Do you think I am? If so, why? I am just of age."

Thanks, dear boy, for that last item of information. If you are twenty-one at present, I will assume for the sake of argument that twenty years hence you will be forty-one. At that age you may, or may not, be bald.

I am inclined to suspect from the character of your handwriting that at forty-one you will not only be bald, but will be strongly addicted to front seats in all those theatres where comic opera is played. Bear with my clairvoyant soul, if you can.

I do n't think you are an ass, dear boy. Why should I? You are merely, it seems to me, the presentiment of one of our own dear American bald-headed theatre-goers. If you do not wish to go beyond this presentiment, nip yourself in the bud, my adolescent, and do n't be afraid.

I can understand that of the two impersonations of Mlle. Nitouche, you prefer Miss Lotta's creation to that of Mlle. Judic. I am also of your opinion. But I am sorry to hear that you enjoyed either "immensely."

Both Lotta and Judic are students of human nature. Their efforts are all directed to prove that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." Judic assumes that the difference is known to her audience. She merely attempts to tell how complete it is. She shows the intellectual effect of man upon the pretty convent maiden. Judic tries to win the hearts of her female audience. She thinks it better worth her while.

Lotta's tactics are different. "Suppose they do know I am a woman," she says. "I can see some people who will be glad to know it over again." She refers to the bald heads. So she leaps and pirouettes; is lavish in her display of costume, hosiery and kickitive *abandon*, and demonstrates beyond the least shadow of a doubt what Judic merely winks to prove.

Judic, in the soldier's costume of the third act, is delightfully womanly and unutterably *chic*. Lotta is ineffably vulgar. One feels inclined to arrest her for masquerading in men's clothes.

Perhaps you will say that respecting the question of pirouetting the grapes are sour in Mme. Judic's case. She is too plump to pirouette. My dear fellow, she was n't always plump any more than you have always been twenty-one. And she never indulged in quips and cranks. It is n't artistic, dear boy.

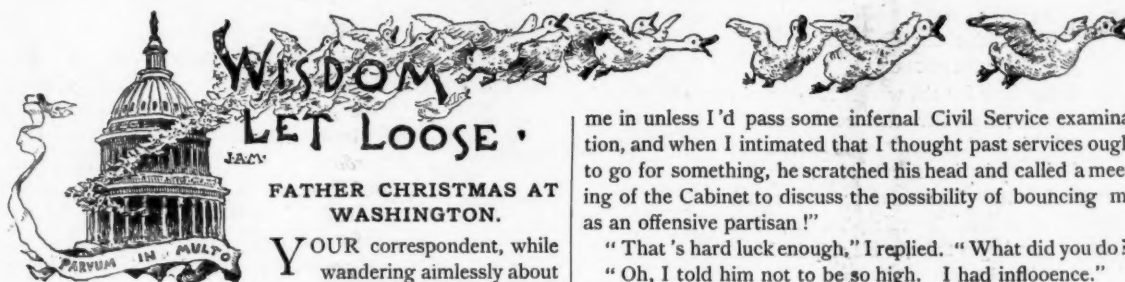
Still, my fine correspondent, there was decidedly more wholesome mirth in the Standard "Nitouche" than there was in the Wallack production. Lotta is at times inimitable and has the advantage of looking extremely youthful.

Judic is superfluously and adiposely matron-like, which is neither here nor there as far as *Mlle. Nitouche* is concerned.

Do n't allow your friends to persuade you that you are an ass, dear boy, and in the name of everything that is priggish do n't ever say you prefer Judic merely because she comes Europe. Join the "Americani sumus" crowd and never from fear.

My only anxiety is lest your preference for Lotta be the preference of the bald-headed seat owners. Be on your guard, dear boy. Do n't join the ranks of those gentlemen, for once there you must stay there. No remedy has ever been discovered for them, though nearly every barber in the world thinks he knows a cure.

Alan Dale.



# FATHER CHRISTMAS AT WASHINGTON.

Y OUR correspondent, while wandering aimlessly about Washington last evening, ran abruptly into an old gentleman who looked something like a Senator, and very much like a Supreme Court Judge, with a suspicion of the office-seeker in his deep blue eye.

"Hello, LIFE," said he, "You in this cold place, too?"

And then I knew by whom I was addressed. It was my old friend Father Christmas.

"Well, old man," said I, "this is a great pleasure. I did n't expect to see you around."

"Did n't eh, well it's the first Christmas I've known yet when my presents was n't expected."

"Come off the ventilator, Nick, your pun is as bad as your grammar," I replied, "and, if you do n't reform, I'll close my chimney against you forever."

"That soots me," returned the incorrigible Santa, but with a smile of such sadness that your correspondent had n't the heart to strike him—except for the usual remembrance.

"What are you looking so sad about, Claus?" I asked.

"Ah, Carlyle, you do n't know what I've gone through with this last year. It nearly broke my heart when the Grand Old Party went out. I'd gone on so many years with them that I knew their ways, and when Christmas came around there was always some little back door for me to crawl through, and of late years the chimney racket, as far as I was concerned, was a big sinecure. Then, too, there was n't a year but what I could get a new turnout, reindeer, sleigh and bells, under the Stationery appropriation for the Treasury Department or the Navy, if I'd chosen to ask for it. Now look at this blanked administration! Why, when I knocked at Cleveland's door last night, he would n't let

me in unless I'd pass some infernal Civil Service examination, and when I intimated that I thought past services ought to go for something, he scratched his head and called a meeting of the Cabinet to discuss the possibility of bouncing me as an offensive partisan!"

"That's hard luck enough," I replied. "What did you do?"

"Oh, I told him not to be so high. I had infloence."

"Did he simmer?"

"Simmer? Well, I guess not. He smiled like a Jeffersonian simpleton, and told me to take my infloence up the flue where I came from, but I'll make it hot for this Administration yet. Cleveland will hang up his sock on Christmas Eve, and he'll find something in it in the morning that'll make him wish he'd stayed at Buffalo!"

"Do n't do anything rash, Santa," I put in.

"Nothing rash about it," he replied so hotly that the snow upon his shoulders rolled off in a torrent; "but if Pulitzer will rent me that patent medicine wood-cut the *World* uses for its galaxy of celebrities, I'll label it *Grover Cleveland as a Boy*, and if that do n't strike him to the quick, or slow either, my name is not S. Claus of Clausburg!"

"That's rough, old man, but you've had provocation."

"Right you are, my boy; but, say, tell me one thing, will you? You're well acquainted about Washington, and I want to know something about a new-fangled notion some of these proud aristocrats have got hold of. There's a chimney here that I suppose I've got to look into, but I've been over it for the last three nights looking for a hole, and I'm blessed if I can find a pore in the whole darn business."

"Sealed chimney? Where?"

"There! See that thing looming up over there?" he answered.

"Santa," I said, "you are either drunk or dreaming. That's not a chimney. It's the Washington Monument."

It was perhaps too sudden a revelation, for the old man dropped, and when I left him they were trying to find enough water in the Capitol to bring him to.

Carlyle Smith.





## SCIENTIFIC

## ANOTHER NEW ENTERPRISE.

IT will be remembered that some time ago LIFE started a list of new enterprises, the simplicity yet utility of which would startle the scientific world.

Among others that have sent their prospectus to our office is the *China Cat Company (Limited)*, which, it has seemed to us, must appeal to so large a proportion of our floating population, that its insertion here will not be amiss.

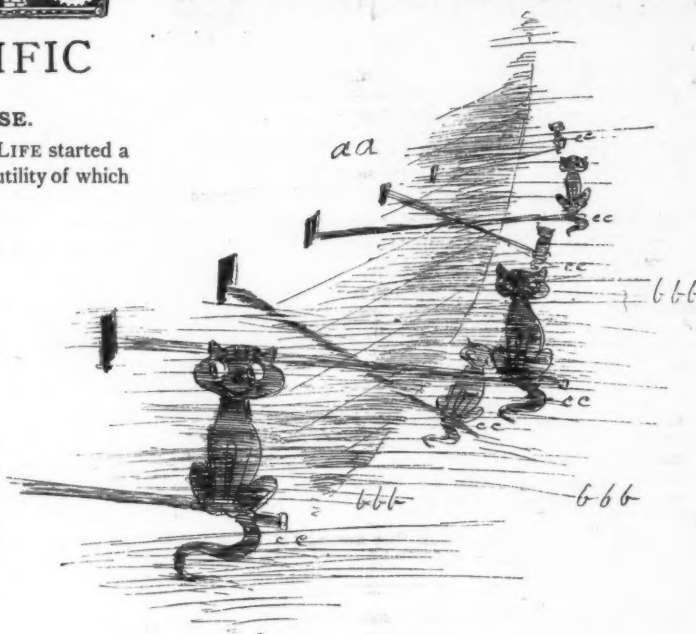
*The China Cat Co. (Ltd.)*

## PROSPECTUS.

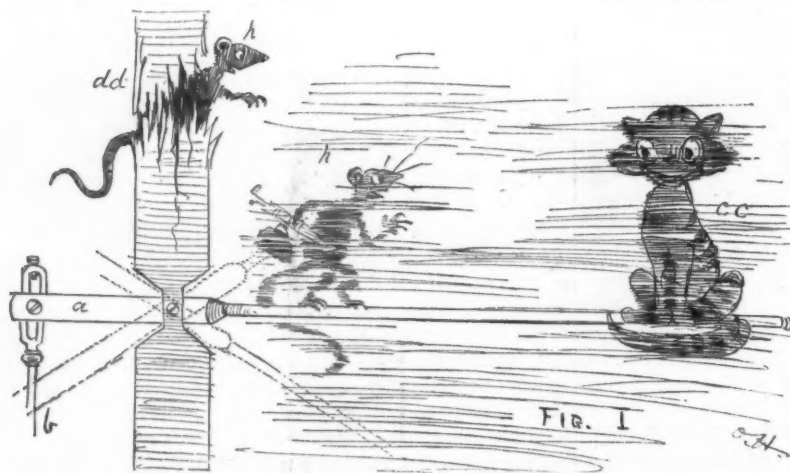
No matter how far the world advances in enlightenment, the sailor continues to cherish the superstitions of his craft—and among the chief of his myths is the one regarding the exodus of rats. The mariner can stand storms and sailors' boarding-houses; but when the rats begin to leave his ship he loses all hope and looks for the worst.

The China Cat Co. (Ltd.) manufacture

an article which will counteract all trouble from this quarter, by compelling the rats to stay aboard. The invention consists of a series of stiff iron rods, extending from the vessel's



aa. THE SHIP. bbb. WATER. cc. CATS.



a. WIGGLING BEAM. b. ECCENTRIC CRANK. cc. CAT. dd. REPAIRED SIDE OF VESSEL.  
h. ABSCONDING RODENT.

side into the water; and upon these bars, at certain intervals, are placed china cats. These cats are under water, out of which, by an ingenious mechanism, each one is made to spring every thirteen seconds. Thus, as the vessel speeds along, cats are frisking all around her.

Water rats may be bold, but we are prepared to give our guarantee certificate that *not one will desert the ship when our machine is in action*. A small crank, worked by the cabin boy, supplies all needed power. A working model can be seen on dumping scow No. 18.

## PROVERBIAL SKITS.

“UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown,” which illustrates the folly of going to bed with one's clothes on.

“NECESSITY is the mother of invention,” but the Patent Office is its foundling hospital.

“LOVE goes out at the window when poverty enters the door,” but should poverty retire by the door it is amazing with what celerity love comes scrambling in by the window.

“TIME and tide wait for no man,” but when a woman is in the case, even time and tide must wait or go on without her.



THE CHINAMAN.

YOU shootee me and hangee me,  
You bootee me and bangee me,  
Me doee workee, gettee boodle;  
Livee onee rat ee poodle;  
Oh me livee oh so cheapee  
And me workee while you sleepee.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"ORPHAN'S COURT" is a heading in a paper. Well, what of that? Orphans have as much right to court as other people.—*Texas Siftings.*

IN England, many a bright young fellow reads for the bar and keeps chambers at one of the Inns of Court, with hopes of going to Parliament. Here it is not necessary to know how to read; if you only keep the bar you are in a direct line for political preferment.—*To-Day.*

NOT THAT KIND OF A BUSTLE.

PROFESSOR AT VASSAR COLLEGE: Now, young ladies, I propose to lecture on human anatomy, but I cannot while there is so much bustle among you.

All: Professor, we can take our bustles off.

Professor (confused): I—I did n't mean that way. You misunderstood me.

All: Ah, thanks. You think they are out of shape, but they are in style.—*Woman's World.*

"A Noble Gift Book" says the *Boston Advertiser* of GREECE AND ROME with 400 Illustrations, Quarto, \$10.

"Compels One to Return for Re-perusal" says the *Hartford Courant* of WISHMAKERS' TOWN, a Mediæval Poem by Wm. Young, 16mo., vellum, \$1.25.

"A Treasure of Popular Literature" says the *N. Y. Times* of ROUMANIAN FAIRY TALES. Sq. 12mo., \$1.25.

"Suggests the Skill of George Eliot" says the *Critic* of "OBLIVION" by M. G. McClelland. 16mo. Leisure Hour Series. \$1.

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TOLD HIM SO.

THE occupants of a sleeping car on a road running into Chicago were cleaned out by a thief a few nights ago. Among the victims was a Detroitier. In the morning, when the losses became known, the conductor went through the car to take down names and amounts.

"What was your loss?" asked the Detroitier of his seat-mate.

"It was \$17, but I shall say \$150. What was yours?"

"Only \$13, and I shall give in the true figures."

"You're a fool to do it?"

"Well, I only want what I lost."

When the conductor came along, he inquired:

"Well, gents, give me names and amounts, please."

"My name is Smith, of Milwaukee, and I lost just \$150.50," replied the one.

"All right—all right; company will promptly make good the loss."

"And you?"

"My name is Blank, of Detroit," replied the Detroitier, "and my loss was only \$13."

"Thirteen dollars, eh? All right. The company will make a rigid investigation of your case! Something very suspicious about it, very! You may be the chap who did the robbing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PATIENT comes in. Homœopathic doctor, after a short conversation, takes a little powder from a jar and says to the patient:

"Smell that—now you're cured."

Patient says: "Doctor, how much do I owe you?"

Doctor says: "Twenty dollars."

Patient takes out a twenty-dollar bill and says: "Smell that—now you're paid."—*Ex.*

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THEY GOT UP.

"GENTLEMEN," said a tattered tramp in City Hall Park, as he approached a settee which was entirely occupied, "I am very tired. Will one of you be kind enough to get up and give me a seat?"

No one moved, but all gazed at the impudent man with a stony stare.

"Gentlemen," pleaded the vagrant, "you have no idea of how tired I am. I left Montreal—"

Suddenly the seven men on the settee with one accord jumped up and skedaddled without looking around.

"Yes," said the tramp, as he stretched himself out at full length on the bench, "I left Montreal when I was a boy."—*New York Morning Journal.*

"WHAT do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his Masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied, encouragingly, "I presume it is because they can't sit down." She postponed further questioning. — *Chicago Merchant Traveler.*

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"WELL," said Mr. Snaggs, looking up from his paper, "a seat in the New York Stock Exchange has just been sold for \$34,000."

"Mercy!" commented Mrs. Snaggs, "who is going to sing?"

"Sing!" howled Snaggs. "What would they sing for at a stock exchange? Have you got an idea it is a kind of concert?"

"Well, do n't get so cross, dear. I thought some foreign singer would be there, or seats would n't be so dear."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

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## THE JANUARY ST. NICHOLAS

CONTAINS a very funny story by W. D. Howells, illustrated by his little daughter, all about a little girl who wanted it to be Christmas every day for a whole year, and the



"SHE TOOK TO SITTING DOWN  
ON DOLLS."

Christmas fairy granted her wish. By and by people got tired and sick of presents and candy and turkey and plum-pudding—they came every day—St. Valentine's Day and the Fourth of July and all. About the middle of October the little girl "took to sitting down on dolls,—French dolls, or any kind,—she hated the sight of them so; and by Thanksgiving she was crazy, and just slammed her presents across the room. By that time people didn't carry presents around nicely any more. They flung them over the fence, or through the window or anything; and instead of running their tongues out and taking great pains to write 'For dear Papa' or whoever it was, and then signing their names and 'Xmas, 188—,' they used to write in the gift-books: 'Take it, you horrid old thing!' and then go and bang it against the front door." The January ST. NICHOLAS is a capital number, and it costs but 25 cents. All the dealers sell it and take subscriptions. THE CENTURY CO. New-York.



### THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Visitor: A HAPPY NEW YEAR, SIR!  
Host: THANK YOU, THANK YOU; BUT WE ARE NOT RECEIVING THIS YEAR. DIDN'T YOU SEE THE BASKET AT THE DOOR, AND—REALLY YOU ARE RATHER EARLY.  
Visitor: I DIDN'T COME IN BY THE DOOR, AND IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE. THE EARLY BIRD, ETC.—YOU UNDERSTAND?

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Jones (looking in the wrong direction): "Your daughter! Is it possible! I should have guessed she was your sister."

Mrs. Smithson: "Not the lady you are looking at, Mr. Jones; she is my mother."

Jones: "Oh!"—Boston Transcript.

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## LIFE

IMPORTANT TO

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NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1885.

CHAS. S. HIGGINS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:

I have analyzed sample of your Toilet Soap designated as "La Belle," also samples of Colgate's "Cashmere Bouquet," and of "Lubin's Toilet Soap," with the following results:

I find your Soap to be free from all impurities, whereas

### Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet

contains 0.297 per cent. of Silicate of Magnesia, or Talc, and

Lubin's contains 0.0372 per cent. of Silicate of Magnesia, with traces of Iron.

The late Prof. Justus Liebig said that "the degree of civilization of a people may be judged by the amount of soap used by it." I will add that the purity of the article employed by humanity for toilet purposes indicates their intelligence.

You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made.

It is to be regretted that names world renowned in the making of toilet soap would employ adulterants.

Bodies foreign to a pure soap, however small in quantity, though lucrative to the makers of the soap, are not beneficial to the consumers.

Ladies should not and do not desire to irritate the delicate surface of the skin, or fill its minute pores, and thus obstruct their healthy action, which would result from the constant use of an adulterated soap.

I therefore cordially commend to them and to the community in general the employment of

YOUR PURE

### "LA BELLE" Toilet Soap

over every adulterated article.

Yours, respectfully,

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,

Professor Chemistry and Toxicology in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and Professor Chemistry and Physics in College City of New York.

SOME months ago the New York Sun was accustomed to interject among its frequent exclamations, "Turn the rascals out!" the following touching lines:

"We may be happy yet,  
You bet."

Editor Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who has direct telephone connection with the New York Sun office, now nightly listens to the following joyous caterwaul, which is supposed to come from the Sun's intelligent office cat:

"We are happy now,  
Me ow."

—Columbus Dispatch.



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36 inches deep, \$90 and up.  
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40 inches deep, \$115 and up.  
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Sealskin Newmarkets, 52 to 56 inches deep.

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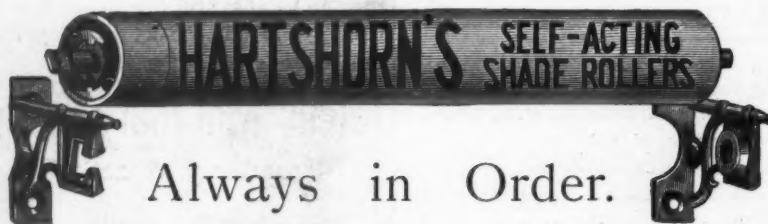
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Carries shade easily to top of window.

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HAUTERIVE } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys,  
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CELESTINS }

GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.  
HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

### Is Every Body Drunk?

Among the many stories Lincoln used to relate was the following: Trudging along a lonely road one morning on my way to the county seat, Judge ——— overtook me with his wagon and invited me to a seat.

We had not gone far before the wagon began to wobble. Said I, "Judge, I think your coachman has taken a drop too much."

Putting his head out of the window, the judge shouted: "Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!"

Turning round with great gravity, the coachman said: "Be dad! but that's the first rightful s'cision your Honor's giv'n 'n twel' mont!"

If people knew the facts they would be surprised to learn how many people reel in the streets who never "drink a drop." They are the victims of sleeplessness, of drowsy days, of apoplectic tendencies, whose blood is set on fire by uric acid. Some day they will reel no more—they will drop dead, just because they have n't the moral courage to defy useless professional attendance, and by use of the wonderful Warner's safe cure neutralize the uric acid in the system and thus get rid of the "drunkenness in the blood."—*The American Rural Home.*



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